



ALIEN WORLDS

\$1.50

\$2.00 CANADA

No. 7

RECOMMENDED
FOR MATURE
READERS

TM

william f. nolan

"THE SMALL WORLD
OF LEWIS STILLMAN"

richard corben





NOLAN

Short story writer, yes; also novelist, magazine columnist, reporter, scriptwriter, biographer, essayist, poet, critic, book reviewer, lecturer, cartoonist . . . only William F. Nolan's modesty and our pica count prevent us from going on.

That he wrote "Logan's Run" and everybody knows it is wonderful. What is perhaps just as wonderful, and a fact not everyone may know, is that Nolan is the quintessential writer's writer. Like Bradbury and Matheson (both close friends) and a few others, Nolan's style fits as snugly in one genre as another. Which is to say that the best of his work is really genre-less, embracing as it does the subtle nuances of man's psyche, and leaving his iconographical footprints to others.

Ursula LeGuin once remarked: "When I get into a spaceship I 'assume' it's going to work . . ." So does Bill Nolan. And he assumes his readers assume it too. All of which leaves room for all the delicious emotional reasons they're trying to get to that faraway star as well as the technological ones. In fact, despite the technological ones. We like that. We strive for it in our own work. Which is why our shelves are lined with William F. Nolan volumes and why the marriage of Nolan and "Alien Worlds" was not only a natural occurrence but, really, an inevitability.

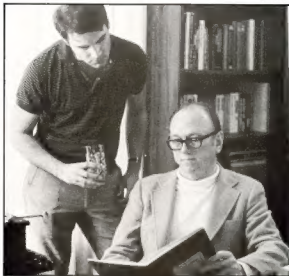
He didn't have to turn out to be such a nice guy, of course, or hail from the same Midwestern city we did, or be a comic book buff from way back, or have spent the early part of his career here in San Diego, or be able to expound, quite comfortably thank-you, on Hemingway, Faulkner or Fitzgerald as easily as he does genre writers. That was just a bonus. As was his allowing us to publish not only the adaptation in this current issue but a whole

succession of future Nolan works.

It's a bright new addition to our anthology titles, and a bright new way of presenting the Nolan magic to the printed page.

To those who contend that science fiction/horror and "comic books" make strange bedfellows, we offer potent proof to the contrary . . . in Nolan's case, 100 proof! Join us. You're in good hands. And the graphic story never looked better!

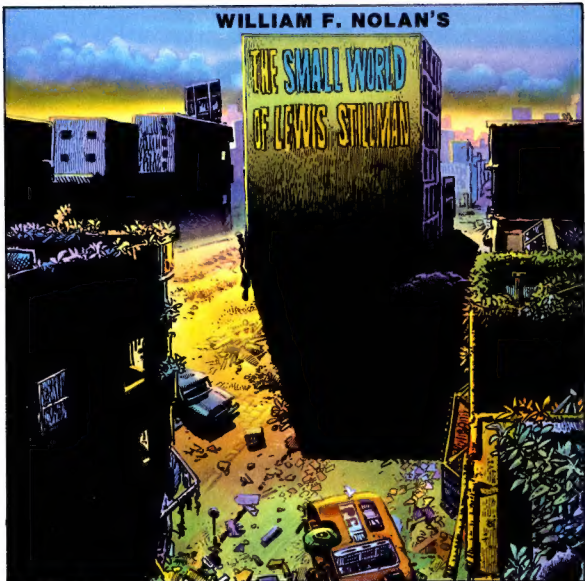
— Bruce Jones
Editor



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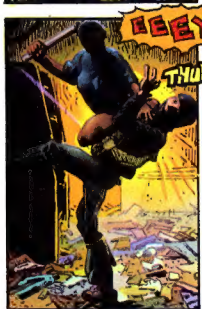
WILLIAM F. NOLAN'S

THE SMALL WORLD OF LEWIS STILLMAN



© 1983 WILLIAM F. NOLAN AND RICHARD CORBEN *Jnx_Scanz_HaCsA !!!*









COME WITH ME.
YOU'LL BE SAFE.
I HAVE FOOD.

YOU LIVE IN
THE SEWER?



IT'S NOT BAD.
YOU'LL SEE.



I- I- PARDON ME BUT
IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE
I'VE TALKED TO ANYBODY
... A WOMAN...

WERE YOU
MARRIED?

SEPARATED... WHEN I
LEFT MY TEACHING JOB
IN NEW YORK SHE STAYED
THERE. I CAME TO L. A.
ALONE.



TO TEACH?

NO, I HAD ENOUGH OF
TRYING TO RAM SOME SENSE
INTO TWELVE YEAR OLDS
WHO HATED SCHOOL.

I GOT INTO CONSTRUCTION...
WORKED ON A NEW DRAIN
SYSTEM... THAT'S WHY
I SURVIVED.



I WAS DOWN HERE IN THE
L-TEN SECTION WHEN THE
ALIEN SHIPS ATTACKED.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?
I DON'T EVEN KNOW
YOUR NAME!

KATHY ANDARS. MY
FATHER WAS A GEOLOGY
PROFESSOR AT BERKELEY.
I WAS GATHERING ROCK
SAMPLES IN A CAVE...
WHEN ...



BEING UNDERGROUND ...
THE WAY YOU WERE...
I GUESS THAT
SAVED ME.

DADDY AND ALL
THE OTHERS ...

THEY DIED.

I'M SORRY.

"THERE'S AN OLD HILLTOP HOUSE ON MULHOLLAND... WITH AN ATTIC FULL OF BOOKS. TWO OF *THEM* HAVE BEEN GOING THERE EVERY DAY... TO THE BOOKS. THEY'RE GENUINELY CURIOUS, LEWIS... ABOUT OUR WORLD... THE WAY IT *USED TO BE.*"



"THESE BOOKS CAN BE A BRIDGE TO THEM... THE TWO OF THEM... TO TEACH THEM. *HUMANIZE THEM!* WE'D HAVE TO CARRY THEM OFF, AWAY FROM THE OTHERS... HEAD UP INTO THE HILLS ALONG THE COAST."



"THESE TWO ARE *DIFFERENT.*"



"YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!... THEY'D RIP US APART!"

"DIFFERENT, HELLI... THEY'RE ALL KILLERS... MONSTERS!"

"LOOK... YOU DIDN'T CHOOSE ME, AND I DIDN'T CHOOSE YOU. WE WERE BROUGHT TOGETHER FOR A PURPOSE, TO *DO THIS.*"



"JUST HOW LONG CAN YOU GO ON LIVING LIKE AN ANIMAL IN A HOLE?... CRINGING AT EVERY SOUND, EVERY SHADOW.... LIVING IN DARKNESS.... AFRAID TO WALK IN THE SUN."

I *WON'T* BE PART OF SUCH A LIFE!"



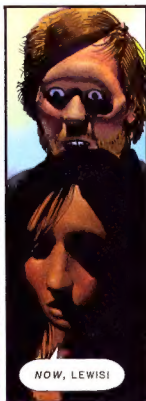
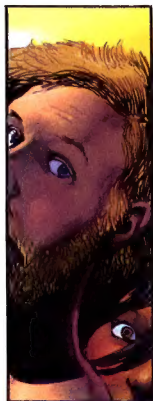
"WE CAN *DO IT* LEWIS! OTHERS CAN BE CHANGED TOO. SOMEDAY WE MAY EVEN BE ABLE TO LIVE AMONG THEM."



"YOU'RE RIGHT... I *HAVE* BEEN EXISTING WITHOUT PRIDE."

"WHEN THEY REALIZE THAT WE POSE NO THREAT TO THEM."







WE CAN'T USE
CHLOROFORM
ON THEM



DON'T BE AFRAID...
WE'RE *FRIENDS*.

WE'RE HERE
TO HELP YOU.



MAMA... MAMA...
MUMMY!

HE'S SO
SWEET.



WILL YOU COME WITH US?
WE WANT TO TEACH YOU
AND BE YOUR FRIENDS.

LIKE... DADDY
AN MAMA?

YOU CAN EACH TAKE
YOUR FAVORITE BOOK
ALONG.



SPACE PEOPLE... DEY CUM
DOWN FUM SKY... DEY KILL...
MUMMY... MY DADDY!

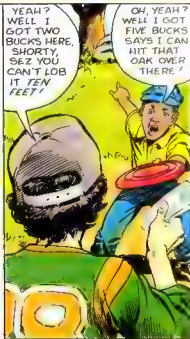
THEY KILLED *ALL* THE ADULTS
AND ALL THE OLDER CHILDREN,
EVERYONE ABOVE THE AGE OF
FIVE... THEIR PLAN WAS TO
KEEP US FROM EVER GOING
INTO SPACE... TO TURN EARTH
SAVAGE!

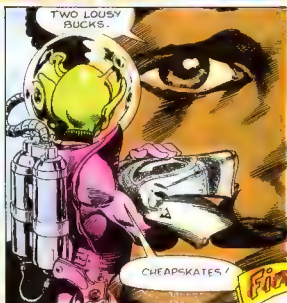
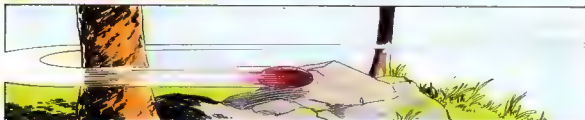


IT'S WORKING, LEWIS! WE
CAN CHANGE THINGS... HELP
MORE OF THEM, SO THEY'LL
HELP OTHERS.



Small Change





Fine

Dragons II



SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

Lela Dowling's first limited edition portfolio was *Dragons*, published in 1979. She has followed up with two more triumphant releases, *Unicorns* and *Unicorns II*. Now we are treated to *Dragons II*. This is a gorgeous full color portfolio, printed in the same large size (11 1/2 x 16") as the earlier releases. There are six new interior pieces in an illustrated two color folder. The portfolio is packaged in a mylar® snug. Each of the numbered, limited edition copies (3,000) have been signed by Lela Dowling.

\$20.00

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☐ **YES!** Please send me _____ copies of **Dragons II** by **Lela Dowling**. I have enclosed \$20.00 per portfolio, plus \$1.75 per order for postage and handling. Canadian orders add \$3.00; overseas orders add \$4.00. U.S. funds only. Do not send cash.

California residents please add 6% sales tax.

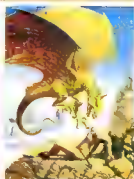
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The Art of Rowena



A DYNAMIC PORTFOLIO BY ROWENA MORRILL

A new full-color portfolio release from the most in-demand paperback cover artist today. Rowena Morrill's beautiful paintings have won her a legion of fans. Here she's selected six of her very finest works, that are being published as pure art for the first time. Rowena is perhaps best known for her stunning interpretations of sensuous women in fantasy settings. The portfolio is in the same 9½ x 12½" format as *Stormbringer* and *Gods and Goddesses*. Rowena has created a new painting that is reproduced as the cover art.



Artist profile and photo included. A signed, numbered, limited-edition of only 2,000 copies, packaged in a mylar® snug.

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Suitable for framing!

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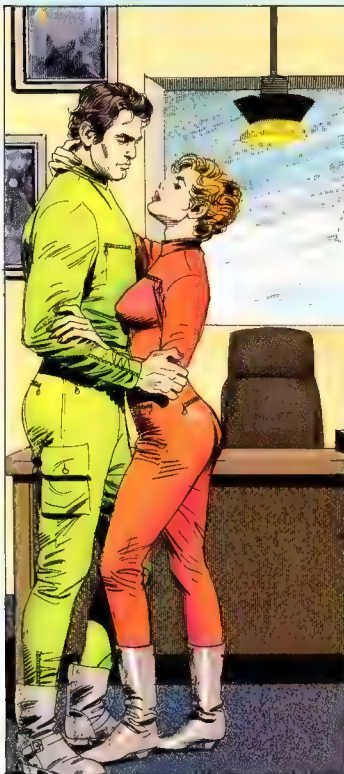
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IT ALL FITS

TER AND I HELD EACH OTHER CLOSELY THERE IN THE CINDER BLOCK CONFINES OF DR. WHEATLEY'S OFFICE, THE WARMTH OF OUR BODIES FENDING OFF--TEMPORARILY AT LEAST--THE AWFUL COLD PRESSING IN ABOUT US. ALONE AT LAST, IT WAS WHAT WE HAD WANTED FROM THE VERY START. NOW WE HAD IT... NOW THAT HER HUSBAND WAS DEAD AS WE'D PLANNED... NOW THAT THE ENTIRE CREW OF PROJECT ICEBERG WAS DEAD AS WE **HADN'T** PLANNED!

NOW THAT THE IRREPRESSIBLE COLD WAS SENDING A SHIVER THROUGH TERI'S LITHE, SUPPLE FORM AND THE BLOCK HOUSE WINDOWS WERE CRYSTALIZING BEFORE MY EYES. I GLANCED DOWN AT DR. WHEATLEY'S DIARY ON THE DESK AND GRINNED IN SARDONIC DEFEAT. I PULLED TERI CLOSER TO ME AND GAZED OUT THE RAPIDLY CLOUDING WINDOW AT OUR SPACE SHIP ON THE HORIZON, ALL WARM AND FUELED AND READY TO GO... IF ONLY WE COULD REACH HER. TERI SHIVERED AGAIN AND WHIMPERED SOFTLY IN MY ARMS... AND I REMEMBERED...

...I REMEMBERED THE FIRST TIME I HAD SEEN THE BLOCK HOUSE, THE FIRST TIME OUR SHIP HAD TOUCHED DOWN ON THE FROZEN LITTLE PLANET, THE FIRST TIME PROJECT ICEBERG HAD BECOME A REALITY FOR ALL OF US... JUST A SCANT SEVEN DAYS AGO...



WELL, THERE SHE IS, DOCTOR, **TERRA 4**, OUR HOME FOR THE NEXT THREE MONTHS

ENJOY IT WHILE YOU MAY MY DEAR...

IT LOOKS BEAUTIFUL. WHAT A PARADISE

—I KNOW, IT'LL BE A GLACIAL WASTES INSIDE OF THREE WEEKS. I WAS AT THE BRIEFING TOO. YOU KNOW

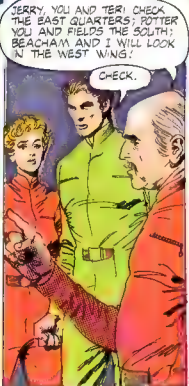
BOY I'D BET THAT SUMPTER PARTY WILL BE GLAD TO SEE US. THEY'VE BEEN HERE FOR THREE MONTHS.

WELL, THEY HAVEN'T EXACTLY ARRANGED A TICKER TAPE PARADE FOR US, HAVE THEY?

...OUR OUS, I THOUGHT THEY'D BE WAITING AT THE LANDING PAD...

HEY, DOC: ANY WILDLIFE ON THIS PLANET? I'M HUNGRY.

NOT THAT ANYONE'S REPORTED, POTTER; YOU'LL HAVE TO BE CONTENT WITH DRIED FOODS.



HELLOO... ANYONE HOME?

STRANGE... LOOKS EMPTY...

JERRY, YOU AND TER! CHECK THE EAST QUARTERS; POTTER YOU AND FIELDS THE SOUTH; BEACHAM AND I WILL LOOK IN THE WEST WING!

CHECK.

PLACE LOOKS DESERTED...

M-M-M...



NOBODY IN THIS OFFICE--WHA--!!



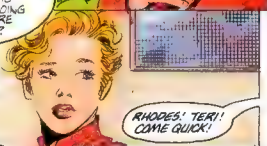
MPH!!



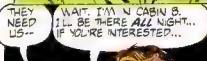
BEFORE YOU SAY ANYTHING, ASK YOURSELF IF YOU LIKED IT...

I'M DR. WHEATLEY'S **WIFE**, MR. RHODES. IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN! I DOUBT THAT HE OR THE **REST** OF PROJECT ICEBERG WOULD APPROVE.

BUT DO YOU APPROVE, MRS. WHEATLEY? YOU'VE HAD YOUR EYE ON ME THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE TRIP HERE TO TERRA 4. ARE YOU GOING TO DENY THAT YOU'RE ATTRACTED TO ME? WELL?



RHODES! TER! COME QUICK!



THEY NEED US--

WAIT, I'M IN CABIN 8. I'LL BE THERE **ALL** NIGHT... IF YOU'RE INTERESTED...



WHAT'S IT?

TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF...



OH GOD!

IT'S ONE OF THE SUMMER PARTY. WHAT HAPPENED?



WHAT INDEED?
TAKE A LOOK
OUT THERE...

GRAVES! THE
ENTIRE PARTY--
ALL DEAD. BUT
WHO--HOW--?
WERE THEY
TAKEN ILL?

LET'S HOPE NOT;
I'D RATHER HAVE
A MASS MURDERER
ON MY HANDS
THAN A PLAGUE.
THIS IS BRINKLEY'S
CABIN, LET'S TAKE
A LOOK AT HIS
DIARY TAPES...

...SIXTY-THREE DAY... I
BURIED FLITON THIS
MORNING, HE'S THE
LAST OF THEM. STILL
HAVE NO IDEA WHAT
THE CREATURE IS.
WHERE IT LIVES, ONE
THING FOR CERTAIN.
THOUGH: IT'S
INVISIBLE...

IS
THAT
A...?

THAT'S IT. WE'LL
CHECK THE OTHER'S
TAPES, BUT I'M
AFRAID THIS ONE
SAYS IT ALL...
GENTLEMEN,
WE HAVE A
PROBLEM...

BUT AS THE DAYS PASSED,
NOTHING OUT OF THE
ORDINARY OCCURRED...
WE ALL FELL INTO
ROUTINE, SOON LOST
OURSELVES IN WORK.
IF THERE WAS AN
INVISIBLE MONSTER, HE
MUST HAVE GONE
ELSEWHERE...

THE SEASONS
ON TERRA 4
CONSISTED OF
WARM SUMMERS
AND BITTER
WINTERS, ALTER-
NATING EVERY
FOUR WEEKS...

...YOU...
YOU HAVEN'T...
HAVEN'T...

...I TRIED ANYTHING LATELY?
NO, AND I WON'T, TERI. I WANT
YOU MORE THAN I'VE EVER
WANTED ANY WOMAN, BUT
I WANT TO BE WANTED
JUST AS BADLY...

JERRY, I...I...OH, GOD, KISS ME. KISS ME!

...DARLING...

THIS CAN'T
LAST, JERRY
--NOT LIKE
THIS...



NOT LIKE THIS,
NO. BUT THERE
ARE WAYS.
DARLING, THERE
ARE ALWAYS
WAYS...

THY-LON-D...FAST, PAINLESS,
TOTALLY UNTRACEABLE...
ONE LITTLE DROP IN HIS
MORNING COFFEE...



OH, JERRY,
I COULDN'T!
NOT MURDER!

WHY NOT? HE'S MURDERING YOU,
ISN'T HE? DAY AFTER DAY, BIT BY
BIT? A FULL VIBRANT WOMAN
MARRIED TO A STUFFY OLD
LATIN SCHOLAR? IT MAKES
NO SENSE. OR IS THAT WHAT
YOU WANT FOR THE REST OF
YOUR LIFE?



LATIN! LATIN! ALL DAY LONG, ALL
NIGHT LONG, RECLASSIFYING LOCAL
PLANT LIFE IN LATIN, READING LATIN
BOOKS, LISTENING TO LATIN TAPES!
IF I HEAR THAT WORD ONE
MORE TIME I'LL
SCREAM--



YAGH-H-H-H!



WHAT
IS IT?

FELDS. HE'S OUTSIDE IN THE SNOW.



FIELDS!
MY GOD!!

FIELDS! FIELDS!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?



MURRY: IT'S
FREEZING
OUT HERE!

FIELDS WAS IN YOUR WING POTTER: WHAT WAS HE DOING OUTSIDE?

BETTER DOUBLE LOCK ALL THE DOORS. WHAT-
EVER THE MONSTER IS IT MUST BE **BIG!**

IF IT
WAS A
MONSTER...

HE WENT TO
CHECK ON THE GEN-
ERATOR. THAT WAS
HIS JOB. THE CREATURE
MUST HAVE CAUGHT HIM
UNAWARES--GOD, IT
RIPPED ALL THE FLESH
FROM HIS BONES. DID
YOU SEE IT?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

BRINKLEY CALLED IT "VISIBLE" ON
HIS TAPE, REMEMBER? NOW AS
SCIENTISTS YOU ALL KNOW
THAT "VISIBLE" IS A PHYSICAL
IMPOSSIBILITY--UNLESS WE'RE
TALKING ABOUT **SIZE!**

A DISEASE?
YOU THINK
THE MONSTER
IS A **GERM?**

A VIRUS THAT
CAUSES THE
FLESH TO JUST...
MELT? THAT'S
PRETTY FAR-
FETCHED,
DOCTOR...

■ **LT350**

WHATEVER
THE CASE,
WE DARE NOT
STAY HERE ANOTHER
MOMENT. POTTER,
YOU AND BEACHAM
DON, PARKAS AND
GET THE SHIP
STARTED. THE
REST OF YOU
GET PACKED!

MINUTES LATER,
POTTER RETURNED...

SHE'S ALL SET
TO GO, DOCTOR!
BEACHAM'S
RIGHT BEHIND
ME--

IT'S BEACHAM!

LOOK AT HIM!
HE'S GOIN'
NUTS:

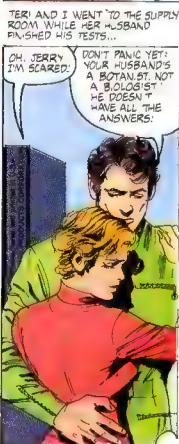
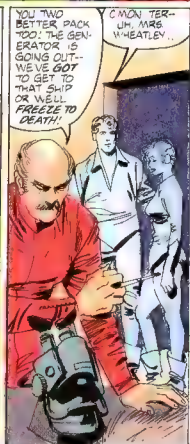
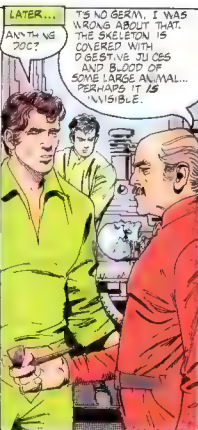
DISEASE, NUTHIN!
IT'S A MONSTER,
ALL RIGHT,
AND IT'S LURKING
RIGHT OUT **HERE**
SOMEWHERE.

SHUT UP AND
KEEP MOVING.

POTTER: IS THE
SHIP READY?
WHERE'S
BEACHAM?

YAGHHH!

NOD!
YAGHH!



IS THIS THE SUPPLY ROOM FOR THE ENTIRE COMPLEX?

AS FAR AS I KNOW, YES...

...THE CREATURE ONLY ATTACKS IN THE WINTER... AND BOTH FIELDS AND BEACHAM GOT THEIR SUPPLIES FROM THIS ROOM... H-M-M...

WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT?

I'M NOT SURE.

YES, WHAT THE CREATURE WASN'T INVOLVED AT ALL? WHAT IF IT HAD BEEN RIGHT HERE, INSIDE THE COMPLEX WITH US ALL ALONG?...

INSIDE?

IT'S FANTASTIC... BUT THAT'S AND IT EXPLAINS WHY THE SUMPTER PARTY NEVER SAW THE THING... OR THINGS! YES! IT'S BEEN WITH US ALL ALONG.

C MON. THERE ISN'T A MINUTE TO LOSE

JERRY WA--??

POTTER! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

POTTER WAIT!

TO THE SHIP. I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE NOW! YOU CAN STAY HERE WITH THAT L.A.N. SPEWING OLD MAN IF YOU WANT, I'M LEAVING!

I KNOW WHERE THE CREATURE IS: IT CAN'T HARM YOU IF YOU STAY INSIDE: POTTER, TAKE OFF THAT PARKA!

NUTHIN' DOIN'! I'M GETTING OUT WHILE I STILL CAN!





YAGHH!

JERRY!

DON'T TOUCH HIM!

YAGH. IT'S EATING ME ALIVE!

JERRY, HELP HIM! IT'S INSIDE THE COAT!

NO...NOT INSIDE THE COAT...THE CREATURE IS THE COAT! IT'S THE FORM OF ANIMAL LIFE ON TERRA 4.

YAGGH-MOPH!

DEAR GOD: IT'S FEEDING ON M.

THEY LAY IN WAIT FOR US INSIDE THE STORE ROOM, LIKE SPIDERS WAITING FOR FLES... OR SHOULD I SAY LIKE VENUS FLYTRAPS! THEY LOOK JUST LIKE FUR-COVERED PARKAS!

IT'S (SHUDDER) AWFUL! OH, JERRY THE GENERATORS GONE! IT'S FREEZING IN HERE. AND IT WON'T BE WARM OUTSIDE AGAIN FOR WEEKS!

THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT OF THIS.

THERE IS

DOC!

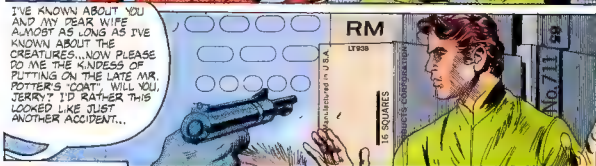
THE CREATURES CAN'T HARM YOU UNLESS YOU PUT THEM ON, AND THEN ONLY WHEN THEY'RE ACTIVE: THEY HAVE FOUR DORMANT PERIODS EVERY DAY, AT WHICH TIME THEY'RE NOT ONLY HARMLESS, BUT THEY'LL KEEP YOU QUITE WARM AS WELL! WARM ENOUGH TO REACH THE SHIP.





REMEMBER WHEN BEACHAM AND POTTER WENT OUT TO START UP THE SHIP? POTTER MADE IT BACK AND TOOK OFF HIS COAT BEFORE THE FIRST DORMANT PERIOD ENDED...BEACHAM WASN'T SO LUCKY.

W-WHY THE SUN, DOC?



I'VE KNOWN ABOUT YOU AND MY DEAR WIFE ALMOST AS LONG AS I'VE KNOWN ABOUT THE CREATURES...NOW PLEASE DO ME THE KINDESS OF PUTTING ON THE LATE MR. POTTER'S COAT. WILL YOU, JERRY? I'D RATHER THIS LOOKED LIKE JUST ANOTHER ACCIDENT...

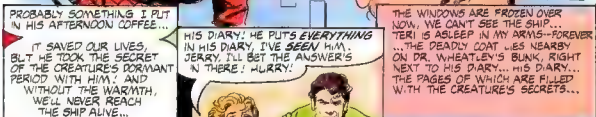
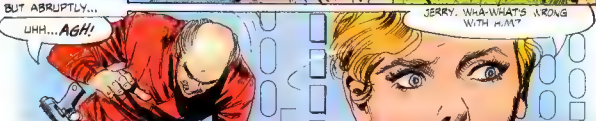
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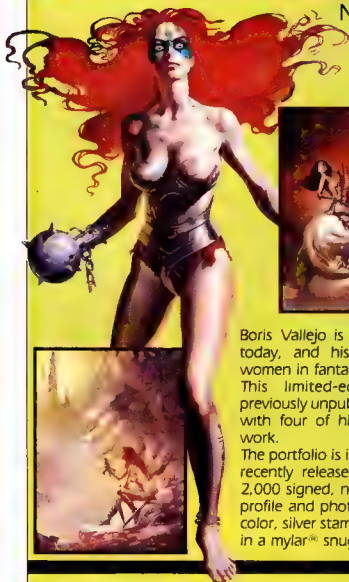


THE WINDOWS ARE FROZEN OVER NOW. WE CAN'T SEE THE SHIP... TERI IS ASLEEP IN MY ARMS--FOREVER...THE DEADLY COAT LIES NEARBY ON DR. WHEATLEY'S BUNK, RIGHT NEXT TO HIS DIARY... HIS DIARY... THE PAGES OF WHICH ARE FILLED WITH THE CREATURE'S SECRETS...

...CAREFULLY SCRPTED IN ANCIENT LATIN...

BORIS' BEAUTIES

New Full-Color Portfolio
Signed, Numbered,
Limited-Edition of
Only 2,000 Copies.



Boris Vallejo is the number one fantasy illustrator today, and his full-color paintings of sensuous women in fantasy settings are his best work. This limited-edition portfolio features three previously unpublished new paintings by Boris, along with four of his personal favorites from previous work.

The portfolio is in the same 9½ x 12½" format as the recently released *Art of Rowena*. Limited to only 2,000 signed, numbered copies. Artist biographical profile and photo included. Six color plates in a full color, silver stamped and illustrated folder. Packaged in a mylar® snug. **\$20.00**

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Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

MIDNIGHT GODS

A limited edition portfolio by John Pound



Midnight Gods is a full-color suite of inspired fantasy paintings rendered in the painstaking **John Pound** manner. Each of these six interior plates is faithfully reproduced in full color. A collector's item, suitable for framing. Pound's earlier portfolio releases are sold out and command premium prices. This new release tops them all. Six interior plates in a gold-embossed presentation folder. Signed, numbered, limited-edition of only 1,200 copies. **\$35.00**



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☐ **YES!** Please send me _____ copies of **MIDNIGHT GODS** by **John Pounds**. I have enclosed \$35.00 plus \$2.00 for postage and handling. Canadian orders add \$3.25, overseas orders add \$4.25 U.S. funds only. Do not send cash.

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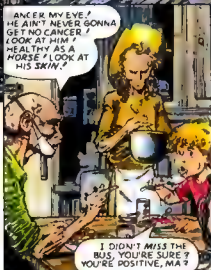
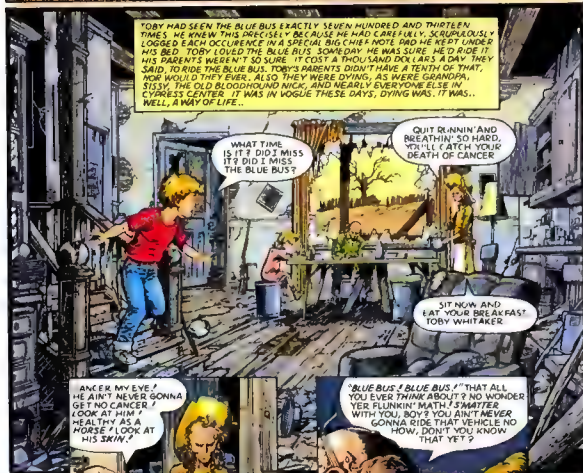
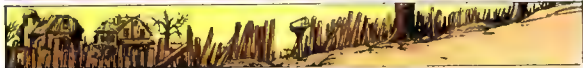
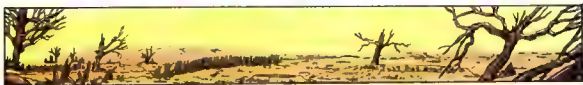
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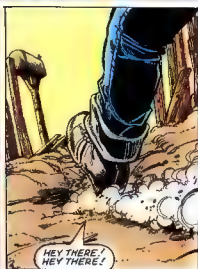
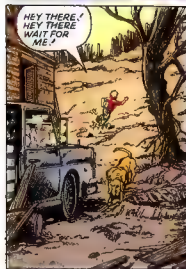
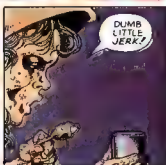
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Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery

RIDE THE BLUE BUS



STORY: BRUCE JONES ART: GEORGE PEREZ





IT NEVER STOPS, TOBY. HOW COME YOU ALWAYS RUN OUT LIKE THIS, ANYWAY?



HI, JUKE



SOMEDAY I'LL RIDE IT, JUKE. SOMEDAY..

YOU WON'T NEVER RIDE IT, NONE OF US 'ROUND HERE EVER WILL. CYPRESS CENTER IS A POOR MAN'S TOWN. MISS WILKES, THE ENGLISH TEACHER DIED, YOU HEAR?



CANCER, HUH? WELL - I WAS FLUNKIN' ENGLISH ANYWAY.



YOU FLUNKIN' EVERYTHING, BOY. YOU BETTER QUIT DREAMIN' 'BOUT 'THE BLUE BUS' AND START THINKIN' 'BOUT THE FUTURE.

YOU LOOK WELL ENOUGH TO MEBE HAVE ONE

JUKE.. YOU, YOU EVER HATE ME 'CAUSE I'M 'DIFFERENT'? 'CAUSE I GOT HAIR AND MY SKIN IS ALL SMOOTH 'N' SUCH?



NAW, I DON'T HATE YA TOBE.. I- JUS THINK IT'S WEIRD, IS ALL...

KA-CHOW!

HEY, WAS THET A GUN? IT CAME FROM YER PLACE.

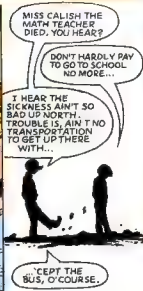
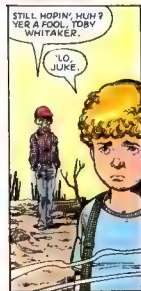
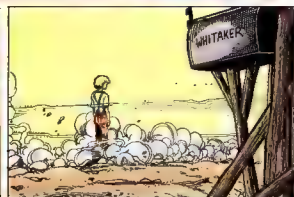


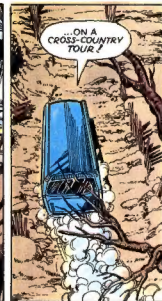
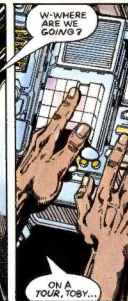
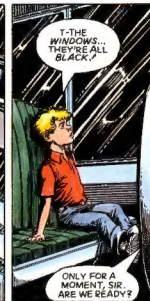
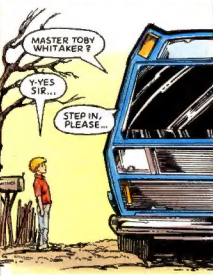
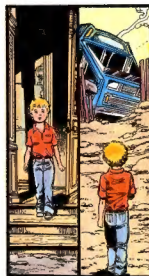
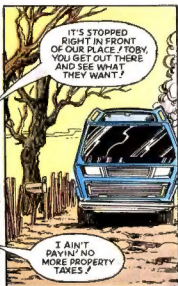
MA! MA!!

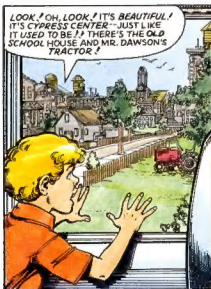


MA?

DAMN OLD FOOL! COULDN'T GUT IT OUT WITH THE REST OF US, HAD TO GO THE COWARD'S ROUTE! NOW HOW'LL I GET THE CHORES DONE, TELL ME THET?







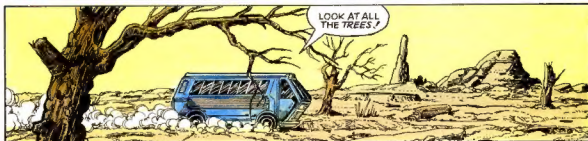
LOOK! OH, LOOK! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
IT'S CYPRESS CENTER--JUST LIKE
IT USED TO BE!! THERE'S THE OLD
SCHOOL HOUSE AND MR. DAWSON'S
TRACTOR!



--AND THIS IS
COLORADO, TOBY.
THAT'S LONG'S PEAK
IN THE DISTANCE.



OH, IT'S
WONDERFUL!
THE TREES!
THE TREES!



LOOK AT ALL
THE TREES!



CALIFORNIA,
TOBY.. ONE OF THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL
STATES IN THE
ENTIRE COUNTRY!



NO DREAM,
TOBY.. BUT NOT
QUITE REALITY,
EITHER. IT'S A
LASER-HOLOGRAM,
SON; EVERY WINDOW
IN THE BUS IS
EQUIPPED WITH A
SPECIAL SCREEN
AND PROVECTOR.
THE INTERIOR IS
CLIMATE-CONTROLLED
AND SCENT-FILTERED
TO COORDINATE
WITH EACH AREA
WE DRIVE THROUGH.
IT'S ALL DONE BY
COMPUTER, TOBY,
AND IT COST
MILLIONS TO
BUILD...



THAT'S WHY IT COSTS SO
TO RIDE THE BLUE BUS...
BUT IT... IT ISN'T FAIR...

WAR NEVER IS TOBY.. BUT
THE SURVIVORS MUST
BAND TOGETHER, HELP
OTHER SURVIVORS TO
REBUILD, PUT THE COUNTRY
BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.



THERE'S NO FARE TO
RIDE THE BLUE BUS
TOBY, ALL YOU NEED
IS A STRONG, HEALTHY
BODY AND THE WILL
TO LIVE. THERE'S A
WHOLE GROUP OF
OTHERS WAITING TO
SEE YOU UP NORTH,
SON. WILL YOU JOIN
US & WILL YOU HELP
US REBUILD?

WHAT
ABOUT MA...
AND SISSY?

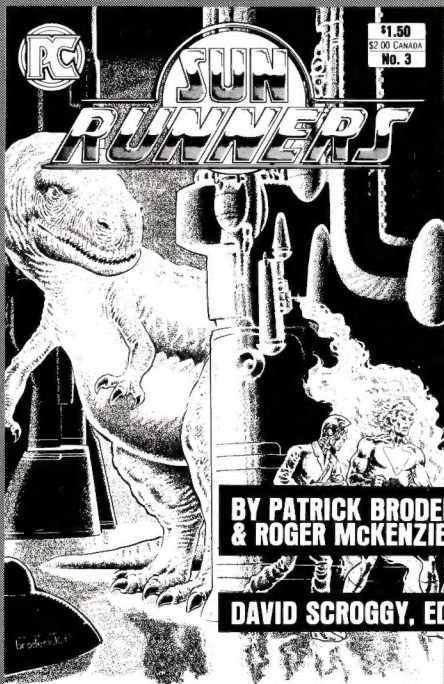


THE DRIVER DIDN'T
ANSWER--TOBY
HADN'T REALLY
EXPECTED HIM TO.
HE LEANED BACK
AND CLOSED HIS
EYES. HE TRIED NOT
TO THINK AT ALL
FOR A MOMENT
AND IN THAT
MOMENT THE
GENTLE MOTION
OF THE PLUSH
SEAT PUT HIM
TO SLEEP...

OUTSIDE, THE BLUE
BUS RUSHED PAST
TREES AND GRASS
AND LAKES AND
PURE SWEET
COUNTRY AIR...



SUN RUNNERS 3 COMING IN MARCH

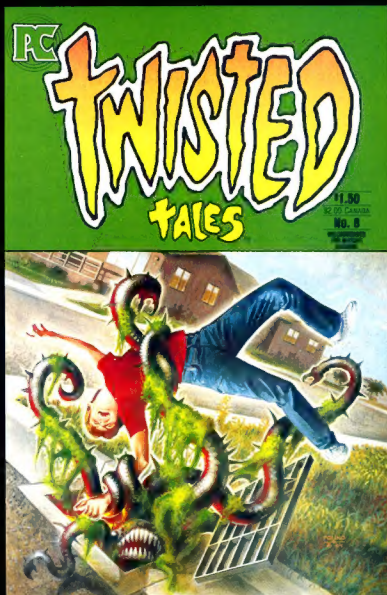


**BY PATRICK BRODERICK
& ROGER MCKENZIE.**

DAVID SCROGGY, EDITOR.

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